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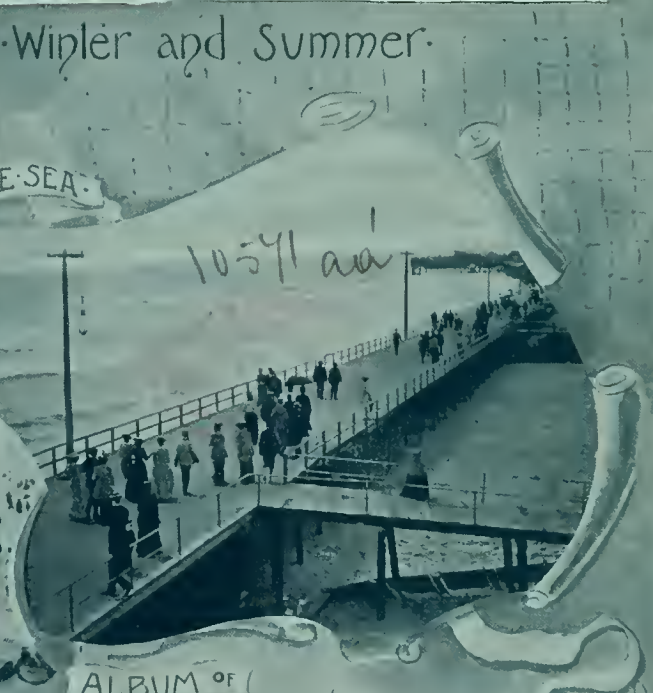
Outing

·Winter and Summer·

·BY·THE·SEA·



ALBUM OF

Atlantic City

·A·M·HESTON·
·PUBLISHER·
ATLANTIC CITY·

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Prologue.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" *Sir John Falstaff.* (SHAKSPEARE.)

WHAT sayest thou, spirit of the departed Falstaff? Dost thou desire ease in thine inn? Then seest thou that the inn be chosen with care, that thy host be one worthy of thy company, and above all that the inn be situate in Atlantic City.

But how can I know the whereabout of this place thou callest Atlantic City, the direction thereto, the number of inns therein, and which be goodly taverns that rob me not of mine exchequer?

All this and much more store of information is vouchsafed unto thee, my lord.

But suppose that I too be a belated traveler, who spurs apace to gain the timely inn—how shall I find my place of abode, seeing that the west doth not yet glimmer with some streaks of day and I be a stranger in a strange land?

List! Let my worthy and adipose knight send for that book yclept Heston's Hand Book of Atlantic City, whereof there be many thousands print, and see the fair pictures and much story about the town, and a catalogue of all the inns and boarding places, wherein thou wilt find thy warmest welcome.

Wherefore shall I know, Sir Oracle, how many pieces of gold to place in mine pouch, that I may have the wherewithal to pay the inn-keeper?

Be not uneasy about that. Your jocund highness will find in the Hand Book, as I have already said, a catalogue of all the inns, the dole which each host doth demand of the pilgrim and the number of lodgings at his disposal. And thou shalt read in this book of electroliers, elevators, telephones, electric lights, electric cars, locomotives, railroads, steamboats, phonographs, merry-go-rounds, roundabouts, toboggans and divers other strange devices, of which thou hast never before heard.

Avaunt there, wizard, with thy telephones and electric cars, thy elevators, railroads and phonographs! Thou speakest in an unknown tongue. Yet will I send for this book on the many taverns in thy town of Atlantic City; howbeit, this be a place whereof I never before heard. Verily, I must view the manners of this strange town, peruse its traders, gaze upon its buildings and take mine ease in mine inn. Knowest thou the cost of the book of which thou speakest so highly?

Yes, my dear Falstaff. Send a bag of forty and eight farthings to the publisher, or to any bookseller in the provinces of America; so shalt thou receive it by the earliest post. But I would that thou waitest not for this book. In an album, called "Outing by the Sea," there be briefer story about the town and pictures waiting of the best of the inns therein, where thy stomach is most carefully honored and thy couch like unto a bed of roses.

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Prelude.

WORTHY READER:

I am a traveler, benighted on my way, and crave a shelter at your hands. This courtesy I will repay with some story of a wondertul city which I have visited. In the olden times every feudal baron welcomed the stranger to his castle and listened with delight to the tale of the pilgrim and the song of the troubadour. The dust on antique time now lies unswept: the world is not what it was, but though the times have changed, mankind has not changed his nature. He still retains the same desire for novelty, the same love of story, and the same fondness for pleasure. Attend, then, while I tell of a city whereunto I have been and show unto you some of the pictures of this the greatest and fairest of the world's watering places.

Another pilgrim who preceded me to this place of pleasure, and who, in a metaphorical sense, feasted on the good things thereof, out of the fullness of his heart, thus spake: "Atlantic City! Place of Pleasure! Haven of Rest! Paradise of the Summer Girl and Abode of the Neglige Shirt! Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety. Paeans of praise can add naught to the glory that surrounds this Queen of the Coast."

To you especially, worthy reader, who, perchance, hath never been to Atlantic City, these pen pictures and camera sketches have been prepared, with the confident expectation that the succeeding season of outing will find you here among the thousands, enjoying to the full the beauties and the pleasures of this unique resort. Though as yet a stranger to the place, you may peruse and profit by these pages, and, the while believing, may say to your friend, in the language of Scotland's bard, "I cannot say how the truth may be; I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Be assured, I would not forestall your good opinion of Atlantic City by offering you pictures and sketches that are too highly colored. Briefly and frankly, my only hope is, that having listened to my story, and being thus introduced, you may say, as Nick Bottom, the weaver, said to good master Cobweb, the fairy, "I shall desire more acquaintance of thee"—thou Jersey Island fair with the wine of life in thy pleasant air.

A. M. H.

United States Hotel

A Leaf from History.

JEAN LE BARRE, a Frenchman, who visited this country after the Revolution, published an account of his travels, in which he spoke of the exceptional dryness of the atmosphere on Absecon Beach, having visited this island in September, 1787, to enjoy the excellent gunning and fishing. He added that in all his travels (and he was a great traveler) he had only found one other place in the world that could be compared with this island in the matter of climate. Still, for lack of inhabitants, it was a dreary place in those early days. One who was familiar with the island before it was touched by the iron wand of that modern magician, the railroad, describes it as a place "more dismal than the deserts of Arabia." On the beach nothing interrupted the monotonous sough of the sea but the quack of the wild goose, the cry of the curlew or the shrill scream of the gull. On the landward side, of a summer evening, when "babbling day was touched by the hem of night's garment," there was a perfect realization of peaceful solitude. The sun, resting upon the horizon, flushed with his last rosy rays the surface of the creeks and bays; and the dropping of an oar by a mooring boatman, or the whistling of a boy in the sedge grass, served only to emphasize the stillness and solitude of the scene.

Nevertheless, in those days of long ago, the Island was occasionally the scene of mirth unrestrained. The country folk—those living on the mainland—had what were known as "beach parties," which were the "events of the season" in those days. Down on the beach, at low tide, they danced to the soul-stirring strains of "Fischer's Hornpipe," discoursed by a single fiddle. There was none of your mincing and smirking, but genuine fun and frolic—a regular jump-up-and-down, cross-over-Jonathan, and figure-in-Jemima terpsichorean fling!

Glorious, indeed, to the country folk at least, were those days of long ago. And the city wight, no less than the country swain, was not averse to that form of summer outing. He loved the city and its busy hum; the absence of those curious eyes and idle tongues characteristic of rural life. But he loved the seashore too, and there was no scene over which his eyes rested with greater pleasure than the face of a summer landscape by the sea. Hither he came to fish, to hunt, to bathe. His joy of youthful sport, in summer time, was to be borne on the breast of the ocean; from a boy he wantoned with her breakers, and he became, as it were, a child of the sea. To him the roar of the ocean, no less than the music of the brook, or the voice of the winds and woods, was not a mere creation of the fancy.

Iron Pier, Hauling in the Seine and Bathing Scene.

Queen of American Resorts.

THE island whereon Atlantic City is built is situated between Absecon and Great Egg Harbor inlets, within sixty miles of Philadelphia and one hundred and fifty miles of New York, by railroad. It is distant five miles from the mainland, the intervening space being an expanse of bays, sounds and salt marshes. The island in its chrysalis condition, before it felt the electric touch of a railroad, was known as Absecon Beach, which name still exists in the adjoining village of Absecon, on the mainland, now put completely in the shade by its more successful neighbor.

Many of the more recent patrons of Atlantic City do not know that, although the history of the place as a pleasure resort dates from the time of its founding in 1854, it was not until more than twenty years later that it became widely known as a winter health resort and sanitarium. To-day there is no northern winter resort so popular, none so largely patronized and none so urgently recommended by physicians generally as Atlantic City. The physicians of Philadelphia were the first to discover the wonderful curative effects of the saline air of Atlantic City, and to them, more than to any other class of men, is due the credit of making the city what it is to-day, a famous sanitarium.

In the olden times the seashore was considered a desolate place in winter. Such a bleak idea as to be here in January would have chilled the marrow of an invalid. And yet we find that many of the wealthy, who otherwise would go to Europe, now spare themselves the annoyance of ocean travel by coming to Atlantic City. Others, who formerly sought health and relaxation in the more distant Southern resorts, now make this their winter abiding place.

The founders of Atlantic City prophesied that it would stand pre-eminent as a resort. Doubtless it is to-day the queen of American watering places and health resorts. There is a sort of freedom about the place that pleases all who come here. It is no uncommon sight, even in winter, to see men eminent in their callings busily engaged in scooping up bucketfuls of sand for children whom they chance to meet on the beach, or aiding them in their search for shells after a receding tide. Sedate bachelors and prudish old maids not infrequently take part in such diversions, and one cannot help thinking that the intellects and the characters thus unbent appear to greater advantage by the relaxation.

Disston Villa—View at Pacific and Maryland Avenues.

Ozone off the Ocean.

SEVERAL elements combine to produce the tonic and resting effects of the sea air, the first of which is the presence of a large amount of ozone—the stimulating, vitalizing principle of the atmosphere. Ozone has a tonic, healing and purifying power, that increases as the air is taken into the lungs. It strengthens the respiratory organs, and in stimulating them helps the whole system. It follows naturally that the blood is cleansed and revivified, tone is given to the stomach, the liver is excited into healthful action, and the whole body feels the benefit.

For some persons the air alone is sufficient, while others get along famously with the air and the aid of judicious bathing. Of course, during the cooler months of the year the bath must be elsewhere than in the surf. For all seasons of the year there are the hot sea water baths and the three natatoriums, with large pools of tepid sea water. For some only the briefest dip in the ocean is all that is necessary or safe; others should refrain altogether from ocean bathing, and confine their ablutions to the hot baths; exercising in these, however, proper care as to time and temperature of the water. Delicate persons can not safely bear a prolonged soak in hot water, whether salt or fresh.

As to diseases of the respiratory organs, a physician says: "I have had personal knowledge of many patients suffering from various forms of such affections who have made trials of the climate of Atlantic City in winter. The cases have, as a rule, improved, some of them very decidedly, though there have been exceptions. Consumptives in the incipient stage, and even those in the advanced stages of the disease, where the destructive process has advanced slowly, have often experienced marked improvement and, in some cases, have been cured."

Sufferers from autumnal catarrh, which is essentially a form of hay fever, enjoy great relief by coming to Atlantic City. The late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a witty correspondence on the subject of hay fever some years ago, in which the latter declared that there was no cure for the disease "but six feet of gravel." Atlantic City, however, has answered back that if it cannot be cured, it can at least be alleviated.

Come then, ye disconsolate consumptive; come, thou wheezing, sneezing victim of hay fever; come, all ye weary and heavy laden, ye who seek health, rest or pleasure; come and fill your lungs with ozone; come and promenade on the broad esplanade, planted within reach of the sea; come and take a mid-winter sun-bask; come while ye may; come *now*. Take no heed of the chronic fault-finder who may be here, enjoying to the full all the benefits and advantages of Atlantic City, and who still carps and grumbles because the town perhaps lacks a few pretty curves and graces.

Views on Pacific Avenue and on Beach.

Summer Weather 'neath Winter Skies.

THE fame of Atlantic City is grounded not alone upon those qualities which give it prominence as a summer resort. It is a great seaside city, where, throughout the year, people from every State crowd its hotels and lounge on its famous beach. In summer time the visiting population usually exceeds one hundred thousand. It is a great democratic crowd, good-natured, rollicking and happy, bent on the pursuit of amusement and enjoying the quest with unalloyed pleasure. The witching charms of autumn sea and sky hold many a summer visitor, even until the ides of November. Indeed, not a few linger until December, and ere the holiday festivities are fairly over at home, the first company of winter visitors has arrived, harbingers of that larger company whose appearance is co-incident with the advent of February. Excepting an occasional "nor'easter," which is a treat in itself, by way of contrast, the weather at this season is all that one could desire. The winter and spring or Lenten season is the swellest of the year. The resort then becomes the abode of a distinguished company who seek to escape the rigor of northern climes. The great hotels, which remain open throughout the year, are filled in the earlier months by the best representatives of society from the East, the West, the North and the South. There are days in February and March suggestive of May and June in cities farther north or remote from the sea. Indeed, the visitor is sometimes wont to say, "Truly this is summer weather 'neath winter skies."

In point of accessibility, Atlantic City possesses advantages unequaled by any other resort on the coast. With Philadelphia and all the railroads centering there, it is connected by numerous fast trains, while with New York and the East there is ample communication by through trains, which make the run from New York to Atlantic City in three and a half hours.

The air here is so dry and mild, as a rule, that convalescents who are able to be about may enjoy at least a brief walk on the great ocean promenade, even in winter. Then again there are miles of drives, either upon the hard, smooth beach, the finely graded streets of the city, or across to the mainland.

Visitors from all parts of the country have found in the equable climate and invigorating air of Atlantic City their only means of restoration to health. Hundreds and thousands who have been thus benefited will bear willing testimony to the tonic effects of its bracing atmosphere. Confirmed invalids are often materially benefited, and existences that would be utterly miserable at home are here made not only tolerable, but enjoyable.

Yachting, Promenading and Bathing.

Lenten and Post-Lenten Pastimes.

IN mid-winter, when the majority of the guests are invalids, any but the mildest forms of dissipation are out of the question. but during Lent, when the more extravagant gayeties of the rest of the world are temporarily suspended, Atlantic City becomes the scene of genuine fun and frolic.

Upon the advent of Lent some good-natured married lady, of unimpeachable social standing, in one of the larger cities, organizes a party of a dozen or more young people, and chaperons them to Atlantic City. They come for ten days, often staying longer, and while they are here the heretofore quiet halls ring with the sounds of their music, dancing and merry laughter. The more sober-minded invalids gaze with a mild surprise, not unmixed with pleasure, at these jolly parties, and by force of example are inclined to forget their ailments.

Equestrianism is an every-day recreation during the Lenten season. The brisk sea breezes, which sing and whistle around the cottage gables and through the bare branches of the trees, inspire the visitors with longings for the vigorous exercise of long walks and horseback rides. From these they return with such glowing cheeks, sparkling eyes and keen appetites that the mere sight of them is a better advertisement of Atlantic City air as a tonic, than all the books on "Outing by the Sea" which might be written.

There is never any dearth of amusement for those who pass any portion of the fashionable spring season in Atlantic City. The opportunities for enjoyment at the Casino are varied, and include private theatricals, readings, musicales, orchestral and other entertainments. The visitors, of course, are the elite of other cities, refugees from the demands of social life, drawing new vigor from the pure air, and pleasure seekers whiling away their time 'neath the bright skies of this new-born rival to Southern Europe.

The ocean parlors and pavilions are convenient lounging places, when one is not inclined to sit on the sand and take a sun bask. Here he may behold the many strange and beautiful aspects ot the sea. Sometimes it is as calm and placid as a lake, with only a line of breakers laving the shore. On another day it reflects all the delicate hues of the setting sun. Then again, under a serene sky, it is beautifully blue, while under heavy clouds it assumes the sombre green. When the wind prevails it heaves in heavy swells and dashes its breakers furiously on the gently shelving beach, sending up a roar like that of thunder. So, day by day, one may watch the changed and ever-changing conditions of the sea; or, if not so inclined, whatever may be his tastes, he can find in the wonderful resources of the town an inexhaustible means for their gratification.

Hotel Dennis, Seaside House and United States Hotel.

America's Mecca of Tourists.

TOURISTS who have visited all parts of the civilized world, men whose word we cannot doubt, and women whose judgment we cannot question, have declared that nowhere is there a resort combining so many points of excellence as Atlantic City. Already it is the Mecca of a considerable number of tourists from countries beyond the Atlantic, as well as from states bordering on the Pacific; and the time is not far distant when many Europeans, who have been in the habit of passing a portion of the year at some over-rated resort on the Mediterranean, will cross the expanse of ocean and spend a month or more in Atlantic City, whose climate combines the bracing qualities of Brighton and Malaga with the sedative virtues of Rome and Venice; and within whose bounds might be placed the Frenchman's highly-prized Trouville and his picturesque and fashionable Etreta without making any appreciable difference in appearance or conditions.

The visitor here, whether from Europe or the most distant parts of the United States, is charmed by the beauty of the town and the grandeur of the sea. The bright sunshine bronzes the cheeks and aids the bracing breezes to vivify the frame, while the graded avenues and magnificent strand afford ample opportunity to all who wish to indulge in equestrian pleasures. The facilities for sailing are unsurpassed, and yachts go bounding seaward or glide across the bays and estuaries with a speed that is truly entrancing. Here, also, is the perfection of fishing, whereof more is said under the caption of "Hook and Line."

The idea that Atlantic City is a mere lounging place for the summer idler was long since abandoned. It is an all-the-year-round resort, where one can always find an agreeable climate, congenial friends and almost anything to engage his attention or excite his interest. It is without a rival in America in the matter of hotel accommodations, suited to the tastes and the means of every class of people. There are elaborate hotels, equipped with all modern appliances and kept in the best manner; less pretentious houses, well-kept and comfortably equipped cottages, villas with classic names and an indefinite number of boarding houses.

All the benefits that can be expected of a sea voyage are obtained by a residence in Atlantic City, with the added comforts and luxuries of a metropolis and the freedom of fast land. In his "Literary Recollections" Thomas Hood says: "Next to being born a citizen of the world, it must be the best thing to be born a citizen of the world's greatest city." This is stating only half a truth. In this country, next to his home, here best may he abide, to rest and cheer him by the flowing tide.

Bathing Scene in Summer.

Summer Days Beside the Sea.

HEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil, when hath passed that period of transition from the austere glory of winter to the roseate weather of June, then it is that one's thoughts revert, with fond remembrance, to the delightful scenes, the cool and invigorating breezes and the joyous pastimes of Atlantic City, whose summer day is more than a mere creation of the fancy.

The oft-quoted words of George Herbert, the sweet singer of Cherbury—"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," are almost meaningless to those who know summer only from the high temperatures, the glaring sun and the hot, parching winds that are its distinguishing characteristics in no inconsiderable portion of the United States.

The ideal summer presupposes climatic conditions that make physical life, from the highest to the lowest, a perpetual delight and rejoicing; and, if there is any place more favored than another in that regard, it must surely be a matter of concern to the toiling millions to know where it may be found.

But, apart from the mere pursuit of pleasure, the mere seeking after enjoyment, and that love of change for its own sake that is inherent in every son of Adam, there is, happily, in this busy, restless age, a just recognition of the importance of relaxing the extreme tension of business and endeavoring to repair the terrible waste of vital force. We are, however, with our pleasures very much what we are in our business, except that while we may not always make a pleasure of our business, we certainly make a business of our pleasure, seeking to obtain, with the least outlay, the largest possible results.

The accessibility of a summer resort is, therefore, with not a few, a matter of importance, second only to the paramount consideration of health and pleasure; and herein lies the secret of Atlantic City's wonderful growth and popularity.

The solid character of its patrons from the better elements of society, the quiet home-like aspect of the place, the natural scenery and charms peculiar to itself conspire to make Atlantic City the very ideal of a summer resort. Art and design have added to its attractions, beautifying it with broad avenues, walks bordered with trees, and with gardens whose fragrance unites with the cool breeze of the ocean to delight and refresh those who, turning from the heat and hurly-burly of the city, seek the charm and change of seashore life.

View on the Boardwalk and on Kentucky Avenue.

Beauty on the Boardwalk.

ATLANTIC CITY invented the Boardwalk, or ocean promenade, and while other resorts have been content to tamely copy, she has lengthened and strengthened, rebuilt and renewed, until the present structure, erected after the great storm of September 9 and 10, 1889, is twenty-four feet wide, twelve feet high, four miles long, and cost the city $60,000. It has no equal in the world.

The life, the light and the color that one sees on this promenade during the early evening hours are indescribable. It is an endless dress parade, a grand review, in which everybody is one of the reviewers, as well as one of the reviewed. The animation, the over-flowing good nature, the laughter and contagious hilarity of this restless throng are irresistible. The lights from the scores of bazaars, the buoyant merriment of the children, the soft, melting colors of the summer dresses of the women, the grace and freshened loveliness of the women themselves, the dizzy whirl of the merry-go-round, the toboggan, the switchback or the roundabout, the mystic swings, haunted forests and the thousand and one little scraps of life and tone that line the thoroughfare, all blend in a picture that is warranted to banquet the eye and rest the mind of any one who is not utterly lost to every sense of enjoyment.

Nowhere in the world is there such a kaleidescope of beauty, such a panorama of wonders, as one sees on this great ocean promenade. An annual visitor said: "I have been to every prominent seaside resort and spa in Europe, and I know whereof I speak when I say that nowhere is there a resort that can in any way approach Atlantic City. In addition to the unusual opportunities for enjoyment, it is unquestionably the healthiest place in America."

From the balcony of the lighthouse, near the eastern end of the promenade, a grand panorama of sea and land is presented. Looking north and east, across the extended miles of salt marshes, with their winding bays and estuaries, one sees the pretty buildings and the fertile farms of the mainland. Westward is the beautiful city, with its splendid hotels and extensive boarding-houses, its hundreds of private cottages, and the long line of shade trees skirting the sidewalks; while beyond, to the east and south, is the great ocean, reaching far out into the distant horizon.

The ocean piers usually offer some sort of entertainment aside from the ordinary Boardwalk diversions. Indeed, it is impossible to pass a dull day or evening in Atlantic City, and yet if one does not care for the sprightlier pleasures, he may be as quiet as he please, and find delight in meeting and chatting with friends on the promenade, or listening idly to the thunderous monotone of the blue, unresting sea.

Four Atlantic City Cottages.

Pleasures of the Plaisance.

THE Plaisance of Atlantic City is the Boardwalk, but, in winter time, on pleasant days, and in summer, when the Boardwalk is literally full of humanity, so full, indeed, that the crowd surges over on the side; then it is that the Strand, either from choice or necessity, becomes an equally popular promenade. Upon the Boardwalk or on the Strand the visitor may pass many delightful, dreamy hours.

The long stretch of sandy beach and the roar of the surf may be uninteresting to some upon a gloomy day, but when the sun is shining all dreariness disappears, the ocean sparkles like a huge diamond, and groups of people wander along the Strand or scoop out convenient hollows, in which they lie for hours, enjoying the warm sun-bath and inhaling ozone at every breath. Bevies of girls, dressed in dainty costumes are scattered about on the sand, and ripples of laughter come to one's ears from every side. Far out upon the horizon a faint trace of smoke may be seen ascending from a passing steamer, while above the horizon and sometimes just beyond the surf the white wings of swift sailing yachts or other craft lend a charm and a motion to the scene. Nothing could add to the quiet beauty of this scene or heighten the pleasure of those for whom it is created.

From morning until evening the beach is a perfect paradise for children. The youngsters take to digging in the sand and paddling in the water by natural instinct, having unlimited opportunities for both. Every day they throw up fortifications, build mounds and excavate subterranean caverns, and every night the tide washes away all their labor and leaves a soft, smooth surface for another day's toil.

The pleasures of the surf bath bring multitudes to Atlantic City during the summer months, and bathing here attains a popularity unknown to more northern resorts, the near approach of the Gulf Stream to this point increasing the temperature of the water to a delightful degree, and taking from it the bitter chill from which so many would-be bathers shrink. At the fashionable hours of bathing, from eleven to one, the beach is crowded with thousands of merry bathers, whose shouts and laughter mingle with the roar of the surf, while the Strand and Boardwalk are lined with interested spectators and promenaders. The scene at this time is as animated as the streets of a continental city on a fête day.

Views at Inlet and on Pacific Avenue.

Playground of the Country.

ATLANTIC CITY is the Playground of the Country. Congress may resolve and newspaper correspondents may with hasty pen declare that this or that spot, distinguished by some local phenomena, shall be known as a national park, but neither formal resolution nor the verdict of casual writers can change the geography of the country, the facts of nature, nor the verdict of the people. The public has declared, with an emphasis that cannot be misunderstood, that Atlantic City, though not exactly a park, is the Playground of the Country.

This resort long since learned how best to provide for the summer and winter visitors, and it is now the business of the place to set torth its attractions, which are all in the direction of making one's stay delighttul. Hard to amuse, indeed, would be the visitor who could not find some congenial diversion ever close at hand on this interesting island. There is some sort of diversion at every hour of the day, every day in the week, and tor those who prefer to do just nothing at all there is always the sublime panorama of sky and sea spread out in perennial magnitude before the most listless eye.

For the man or woman who is brain weary, and breaking down under the weight of business, professional, social or domestic cares, there is no better restoraitve than a season of rest and recreation at Atlantic City. With increased bodily vigor, ncident to a stay here, comes the gentle ministrations of tired nature's sweet restorer. Many who have been troubled with nsomnia find in a change to this climate the soothing balm that

"Upon the high and giddy mast
Seals up the ship-boy's eyes and rocks his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge."

Persons who could scarcely walk at home, after coming here, stroll long distances on the Strand or Boardwalk, with only a cheerful sense of weariness that is soon succeeded by a sharpened appetite, the reward of agreeable exercise. Few, indeed, who visit Atlantic City fail to experience a marked improvement in appetite, while to many there comes such a feeling of drowsiness that the most exciting story fails to keep them awake. This is a sure sign that the nerves are being well rested.

The exercise that one gets here is a tonic in itself. The pure air brightens, rests and strengthens the eyes, purifies the blood, washes out the lungs, flushes the air passages of the nose and ears, quickens the sluggish circulation, strengthens the weak digestion, brightens the complexion and resists the progress of disease. In the flood of ozone off the sea all poison is driven out of the system.

A Business Block—Two Pacific Avenue Cottages.

Beach Rides, Yachting and Gunning.

TLANTIC CITY is so situated that nature provides a constant round of summer pleasures. The sea, of course, is an endless source of delight. Even those who do not bathe find a pleasure in sitting under the big umbrellas or canvass-covered chairs on the beach, and watching the antics of those who are tumbling in the surf. Yachting is another delightful pastime. There isn't a safer, speedier or more comfortable fleet of fishing and sailing boats on the seaboard than Atlantic City's squadron, found at the picturesque inlet harbor, with its breezy houses of refreshment by the docks.

Those who prefer steam to sails can be accommodated, and the few whose stomachs dread the heaving billows may eschew both and sit and watch the fleet of gaily-decked boats dancing in the distance, their blood meanwhile tingling with the ozone blown from the sea, or the commoner kind which some endeavor to suck through a straw.

The island is ten miles long and the two extremities are united by an electric railway, which is an unfailing source of pleasure to a countless number of visitors. The greater portion of the route is within sight of the sea and almost at the water's edge. In some places one may see the original formation of the island. There are woods and pleasant retreats among the sand hills, shaded by umbrella-shaped trees, which have withstood the storms of many years. To those who love nature and who hold communion with her visible forms, a day of pleasure is promised in exploring these ancient sand-hills and sylvan retreats.

The trip down the beach is a most delightful one, either by day or night, and to afford a view of the ocean by moonlight at least one night train is usually run throughout the year. This train is in great favor with the young people. It passes Sea View, the finest excursion resort on the coast; Ventnor, a quiet place with a fine hotel; Oberon and South Atlantic City, celebrated for its sacred white elephant, which is the largest white elephant in the world. A mile and a half farther down the beach is Longport, where sailing craft or steam pleasure-boats convey passengers across the finest sheet of inland water in the State.

If the visitor is a sportsman, he will scent the delirium of pursuit in the spray of the billows. With gun and rod, either or both, one is sure of a great day's sport under the guidance of the veteran yachtsmen at the inlet. The succession of game fowl which visits the adjacent beaches, each in its own season, is surprisingly varied; snipe, plover, marlin, willet, yellow legs, marsh hens, black duck, mallard and teal follow each other, often in such numbers as to provoke the city sportsmen to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

The Fishing Deck, Strand and Boardwalk.

Hook and Line.

PERHAPS there are in this world souls so sordid that they never can rise to the height of enthusiasm over that enticing pastime, fishing. It may be a matter of early training or education—this love of angling—since the man whose boyhood was passed in the country is usually an expert fisherman, and he remembers with pride and pleasure his first fishing outfit. He'd a horse-hair line and an elder stick, with bended pin for a hook, and he fished till noon in the shaded creek, with an angleworm for bait. At the very first nibble, when the cork went under, the rod was thrown swiftly over his head, and the fish, breaking away from the unbarbed hook, went flying through the air, and landed back in the woods, perhaps fifty feet from the edge of the creek. A pretty sight it was, too, that perch or sun-fish, with its silvery sides dappled with gold. Then it was strung by the gills on a crotched stick, and, with three or four others, was carried home in triumph.

Ah! lives there a man with soul so dead that he cannot cherish, with fond recollection, the joy of those youthful sports? a memory so weak that it cannot recall the long-gone days of boyhood pleasures in the country—days of wishing and of fishing, when he listened to the voice of the rivulet and the language of the winds and woods? The roar of the ocean was an unknown song in that distant country home, but to him the green aisles of the forest were not a poetic fiction.

In Atlantic City there are no scenes, no pastimes, like those incident to boyhood life in the country. There are no dank grottoes, vine-trellised and luxuriant, with perhaps only a ray of sunlight bursting through the fretted vault of green; no vistas of glory like those found in hilly and mountainous places; but, brother anglers, on the veracity of thousands of the fraternity, we assure you that you will find congenial spirits here, and as fine a lot of liars (fish liars, of course) as can be found in the United States—barring, perhaps, the State of Maine.

True, there are no fresh-water trout here, but we have weak-fish, sea bass, flounders, blue fish, sheepshead and other fish as good, yes better, than those which navigate the mountain streams, as active and as gamey as any fish you ever saw. The bays and thoroughfares are a vast water preserve, with Nature for their keeper. From Grassy Bay and Little Egg Harbor, on the north, to Scull's Bay and Great Egg Harbor on the south, from the wreck of the "Cassandra" to the wreck of the "Diverty," fish of large size are found in abundance. The creeks and sounds teem with millions of the finny tribe at certain seasons of the year, and it is here, also, where agile oysters, mild, serene, on beds of moss recline; where soft-shell crabs live pinchingly, and pearly sheen of hake and flounder wins the flies.

Atlantic City Casino—Interior and Exterior Views.

Atlantic City Casino.

ONE of the most attractive features of Atlantic City is the Casino. Imposing in its style of architecture, it courts the eye of every visitor, and delightful as it looks from the outside, it is ten times more enticing within. On the first floor is a broad reception room, colonial in style, and fitted up in a manner indicative of a high grade of taste. In winter and spring, those delightful periods for the invalid and fashionable visitor, the flames from giant logs leap high into the air and cast a ruddy glow over the rich rugs, elegant tables and chairs and costly lamps that convert this parlor into an ideal room. At the left and overlooking the sea is another room, fitted up with easy chairs, where soda water and lemonade are served from a capacious fountain that takes up one side of the cosy apartment. On the same floor, in the rear, is a vista of daintily appointed bath-rooms, in which one can make ready for the sea-water natatorium, the hot salt-water bath or the surf. The extensive swimming-pool is built of brick, with concrete bottom and white marble sides, and is the finest on this continent. The appliances for hot baths are pertect in every way.

Beyond the pool are superb bowling alleys and shuffle parlors. A broad promenade, passing through the centre of the building, connects the reception room with all these apartments, or they may be more privately reached through an enclosed passage on the west side of the edifice. At the end of this passage is a porte-cochere, tor the benefit of those who arrive at the Casino in carriages.

A broad staircase leads from the reception room to the second story, where there are writing and smoking rooms, fitted up with every luxury, and a rambling apartment that is the typical lounger's sanctum. Broad windows overlook the sea and a marine glass scans the surface of the deep, bringing into close range the coast-line steamers and fishing smacks, that appear like mere specks to the naked eye. Hammocks, which woo the lazy to repose, swing where the occupants can look up and down the ocean promenade. Every chair is an easy one that somehow just fits into the back.

A long white-and-gold room on the same floor, with a suitably furnished stage at one end, is the music room and dancing hall. Every day the Hungarian Band discourses orchestral music from 11 to 1, and evening concerts, theatricals, readings, musicales, etc., are in order on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Alternate nights are devoted to dancing. At one side of the main building is a general mart, and underneath the reception room and sun parlors is a children's playroom, where the little ones may romp and play to their hearts' content.

The Casino is conducted on the club plan, but admission is by tickets, instead of introduction, and the proprietor reserves the right to exclude any one for any cause. This is done to make it as select as possible tor visitors. The subscription is 50 cents a day, or $2.50 a week. This includes admission, day and evening, to the daily concerts and to the dances. The cost of the Casino was $60,000.

Haddon Hall, Ocean Promenade and Hotel Brighton.

Wherein Atlantic City Excels.

FEW of the advantages of Atlantic City over other resorts may be thus stated:

There are excellent schools and churches, good society, good order, good government, good drainage, good water and good living.

Electric cars run the entire length of the island, a distance of ten miles, and carriage hire is so cheap as to astonish those who are accustomed to the extortions of the Jehus that infest other resorts.

At the very edge of the ocean is a magnificent Casino, superior in its appointments to any similar institution in this country.

There are two ocean piers, reaching far out over the sea, upon whose surface one may walk and watch the waves as they roll in, and perchance "lay hold upon the mane of the sea."

The underground sewage system has worked so successfully that Atlantic City is admitted to be the only properly drained resort on the coast. The waves that beat on the beach here are not required to act as scavengers for the city. The surf is absolutely free from refuse or defilement of any kind.

The water supply from artesian wells, some of them 1000 feet deep, and from natural springs on the main land, is inexhaustible. There is no purer or clearer water anywhere in America. This is conceded by scientists and recognized by thousands of critical visitors.

For the promenader, a broad esplanade, without equal in the world, is built along the entire ocean front of the city. It is at all times a centre of attraction and thousands of visitors from every corner of the United States there enjoy the delicious exhilaration of the vitalizing ozone off the sea.

There is an absence of formality, the bane of European resorts, that renders a sojourn in Atlantic City refreshing as well as fashionable.

The city contains 450 hotels and large boarding houses, and in addition to these there are over 1500 cottages, many of which receive boarders. Of the 240 larger hotels and boarding houses, over 100 are open throughout the year. The hotels are among the finest and most comfortable along the coast.

The city is admirably lighted with electricity. The authorities spend nearly $40,000 a year for lighting. The ocean promenade and all the principal avenues are lit with brilliant electric lights the year round.

Notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of thousands of people visit the city annually, many of them afflicted with severe illness, statistics are not wanting to show that Atlantic City's death rate is almost the lowest in the country. The national mortuary table averages the deaths among the resident population at 12.05 to the 1000, or second only to one other place in the country, and that a small city in Ohio, on the shore of Lake Erie.

Place of Perennial Pleasure.

IN the charms of novelty and ever-shifting variety, Atlantic City surpasses the most celebrated of European resorts. Surrounded on all sides by the waters of the ocean and blessed with a climate of rare equability, its physical advantages are superb. Seaward the waste of waters stretches almost three thousand miles, kissing the shores of another hemisphere; while landward is a wide estuary, as smooth as a mountain lake, and beyond that an expanse of salt meadows, reaching out to meet the pine forests, whose breezes mingle with Neptune's briny breath.

The geological peculiarities of the island are one of the agents that contribute to its remarkable healthfulness. There is no indigenous or spontaneous vegetation on the island. The only growths are the arboreal embellishments of the avenues and lawns—sylvan contributions from the forests and fields of the mainland. No stagnant pools or sloughs disfigure the facial lineaments of the island, and there is no malarial or miasmatic emanation to offend the senses or affect its perfect hygiene. Indeed, it is believed by many scientists that the air of Atlantic City is "hostile to physical debility."

All other attractions, of course, are secondary or subservient to the charms of the sea, whose sunny waters break upon the strand and whose keen breezes drive all burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away. The famous promenade, which follows the contour of the beach, is wide enough to accommodate 100,000 visitors, without crowding or discomfort. Here, at eventide, the city pours its thousands out, and a great procession marches and countermarches the entire length of the four-mile promenade, under the brilliant glare of the electric lights, lighted the year round, and the strains of music from the numerous places of amusement that line the landward side. The current of humanity moves constantly on, the rule of the road—keep to the right—being strictly observed. As a study of some of the most unique phases of human character, a stroll along this crowded thoroughfare in summer time is worth a year of ordinary life.

Year after year this commingling of the young and the old, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, goes on in Atlantic City; and so until the end of time, generation after generation, the charmed voice of the sea will draw man to its sands and to its surf. From the plains of the South, from the wide expanse of the West, from the bleak, gray rim of the North, men, women and children will come and go, girdling our coast with joy and pleasure through the twelve-months.

Bathing Scene in August.

Epilogue.

Maybe he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound.
—*King Lear*. (SHAKSPEARE.)

NOT well, my lord? Then bid him come forth and hear me.

Nay! I will not command his service, seeing he doth yet suffer. We are not ourselves when nature, being oppressed, commands the mind to suffer with the body. But what is this thou revealest? What kind offices hast thou for the indisposed and sickly?

'Tis this, my lord. These many summers have I wantoned with the breakers at Atlantic City, and there, also, on many a winter day, have I found delightful outing by the sea and much ease in mine inn. There, my lord, once I sat upon a pier and heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath that the rude sea grew civil at her song. At this place, whereof much praise hath been spoken by most learned men, in winter time, ere yet the inns at other places have their portals opened, I durst lay my hand upon the Ocean's mane and play familiar with his hoary locks.

I perceive, pilgrim, that thou art no fool, nor art thou abstemious of pleasure, seeing that thy nose doth wear the livery of good living. This word of thine persuades me that it behooves us all to go and linger yet a while at thy fair city which thou callest Atlantic City. Give me my servant torth! Nay! go thou thyself and summon up the retinue. Command them to attend to-morrow at nine, for at that hour we go to this place of rest and pleasure; and so may this be our custom hereafter Resolve, also, with all modest haste, whichsoever way thou mayest please, that this be our usage twice every twelvemonth. Write it down and post it by every path we tread, and let it shine with such a lustre that he who runs may read.

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